



DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

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NOTICE.

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CROOKED WHISKEY.

The war on "crooked" whiskey which for some months has been carried on with vigor in the United States has created very great excitement, and caused much wonder amongst those not acquainted with the iniquity of the whole traffic. It is no wonder that the fact of distillers having defrauded the Government out of millions of dollars should inflame the anger of the general public, but it is unaccountable that this same public should supinely gaze on the immeasurable misery caused by the use of intoxicants, and not make a direct, earnest, conclusive effort to banish it from all countries. For defrauding the Government by not paying taxes on all the poison manufactured, the whole machinery of the law is directed against the guilty distillers, and it is possible that the latter will have to spend most of their ill-gotten gains to defend themselves, and perhaps have only enough left to begin anew their manufacture of "straight" and "crooked" whiskey. It is known that the effects of illicitly distilled liquors are not worse than of that which is taxed, yet the distilleries above ground are allowed to pursue their work of death and destruction almost without hindrance, and the distillers are not only looked upon as representatives of wealth, and therefore respectable, but often as persons whose acquaintance should be courted as private individuals and political agents.

Hon. H. H. Bristow, Secretary of the United States Treasury, deserves much credit for the firm hand with which he has dealt with the illicit distillers. In June, 1874, he was appointed to this office, and almost immediately frauds which had for years been robbing the Government were unearthed, and soon by his indefatigable efforts the gigantic structure of corruption was overthrown.

It cannot be supposed that the war against the whole traffic will end so quickly, but all over the world patient, unremitting blows are being struck at its foundation, and fall it must sooner or later. We hope that all the *Messenger* readers, more especially the younger portion of them, are doing something to assist in this work.

THE POWER OF APPETITE.

The *Chicago Times* gives an account of a "confirmed inebriate" of that city only seventeen years old. It says of him: "This boy was sent to the inebriate asylum in New York. There he was confined for two years, during which time the boy studied and displayed remarkable cheerfulness and versatility of mind. At the end of two years, the superintendent of the asylum allowed him to go out riding with one of the keepers who had some business in the interior of the county. Upon their way back, when within about three-quarters of an hour's ride of the asylum,



HON H. H. BRISTOW.

the driver paused in front of a village inn for the purpose of watering his horse. As the keeper alighted, the quick eye of the boy darted through the half-open doorway of the inn, and saw a bar, behind which was a tempting array of bottles.

"Almost as quick as a flash of light the boy jumped out of the wagon, dashed through the door, over the bar, and, before the astounded barkeeper could stop him, had drained nearly a quart of brandy from a decanter standing there. When caught, he rubbed his stomach, and fairly screamed for joy: 'Oh! that tasted so good! I would give my life for more of it!'

"With great difficulty he was gotten back in the wagon. The keeper at once set out for the asylum, hoping to arrive there before the liquor could take effect upon his companion. He was doomed to disappointment. At the expiration of a few moments the young man became literally wild from the effect of the enormous draught of brandy, and, attacking the keeper, he succeeded in throwing him out of the wagon, and then he lashed the horse into a furious gallop, yelling meanwhile like a demon until he roused the country round about. He drove at the pace of the devil until he broke the wagon into a thousand small splinters, and when caught was discovered all bruised and bleeding, with his clothes stripped to rags, laughing wildly as he exclaimed that he had never had such fun since he had been at the asylum. That lad is an incurable. He would walk right into the jaws of death without hesitation for a

drink. Nothing but confinement alone can restrain him. He will never be released from the asylum until death comes to take him across the border."

WHAT IT COSTS TO WRITE WELL.

Excellence is not matured in a day, and the cost of it is an old story. The beginning of Plato's "Republic," it is said, was found in his tablets written over and over in a variety of ways. Addison, we are told, wore out the patience of his printer; frequently, when nearly a whole impression of a *Spectator* was worked off, he would stop the press to insert a new proposition. Lamb's most sportive essays were the results of most intense brain labor; he used to spend a week at a time in elaborating a single humorous letter to a friend. Tennyson is reported to have written "Come into the Garden, Maud," more than fifty times over before it pleased him; and "Locksley Hall," the first draught of which was written in two days, he spent the better part of six weeks, for eight hours a day, in altering and polishing. Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas story, shut himself up for six weeks, lived the life of a hermit, and came out looking as haggard as a murderer. Balzac, after he had thought out thoroughly one of his philosophical romances, and amassed his materials in a most laborious manner, retired to his study, and from that time until his book had gone to press, society saw him no more. When he appeared again among his friends, he looked, said his publisher, in the popular phrase, like his own ghost. The manuscript was after-

ward altered and copied, when it passed into the hands of the printer, from whose slips the book was rewritten for the third time. Again it went into hands of the printer—two, three, and sometimes four separate proofs being required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press at last, and so have done with it. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors. Moore thought it quick work if he wrote seventy lines of "Lalla Rookh" in a week. Kinglake's "Eothen," we are told, was rewritten five or six times, and was kept in the author's writing-desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept the "White Doe of Rylstone," and kept, like that, to be taken out for review and correction almost every day. Buffon's "Studies of Nature" cost him fifty years of labor, and he recopied it eighteen times before he sent it to the printer. "He composed in a singular manner, writing on large-sized paper, in which, as in a ledger, five distinct columns were ruled. In the first column he wrote down the first thoughts; in the second, he corrected, enlarged, and pruned it; and so on, until he had reached the fifth column, within which he finally wrote the result of his labor. But even after this, he would recompose a sentence twenty times, and once devoted fourteen hours to finding the proper word with which to round off a period." John Foster often spent hours on a single sentence. Ten years elapsed between the first sketch of Goldsmith's "Traveller" and its completion. La Rochefoucauld spent fifteen years in preparing his little book of maxims, altering some of them, Segrais says, nearly thirty times. We all know how Sheridan polished his wit and finished his jokes, the same things being found on different bits of paper, differently expressed. Rogers showed Crabbe Robinson a note to his "Italy," which, he said, took him two weeks to write. It consists of a very few lines.—*A. P. Russell.*

SCHOOL GIRLS IN SOCIETY.—A question is started by the *Churchman* which has some bearing in the smallest towns as well as the largest cities. It is probably a trying question in many a household, now that school and society have both begun the year, how far school-girls can be allowed to attend parties and mingle in society. Misses not yet emancipated from school have learned to fill an important place in society, and they desire to keep up their relations with both. The *Churchman* considers that school may be taken as a matter of course; but its claim to undivided attention will be sorely contested when the social entertainment offers. That any such question should arise, is a curious gloss upon our domestic life. Americans visiting English households, for instance, are frequently amazed and embarrassed at finding the nursery and school-room still keeping under restraint the girls who in America would be dancing the German at two in the morning, and carrying their headache and books to school seven hours later. School-girls get the name of being fast and silly on this account, and we draw unfavorable comparisons between them and their English or French sisters. But where do the responsibility and blame belong? Assuredly with parents. What can the girl know of the foolishness of this course? and if in after years she looks back with regret, it would often be with more or less conscious reproach of her parents. It is so easy to yield to the plausible persuasion that one's daughter ought to "have a good time," so difficult to make and enforce, a decision which is only appreciated by experience. There has been much talk now and then of girls breaking down in school-work. If such cases were enquired into carefully, it would frequently be found that two incompatible things—society and study—were pursued at the same time.—*London Advertiser.*



Temperance Department.

THE WINNING GAME.

"You've no one but yourself to thank, James, for being left without a shilling of old Grimstone's money. You choose to play a losing game, so don't complain of those that played a winning one."

"I do not complain, Tom. I shall do, I trust, by God's blessing, very well without any money but what I earn. I only hope you will do as well with old Grimstone's legacy as I shall do without it."

"You needn't preach to me. If I were you, James, I'd leave off all such prating against a drop of drink, as if it were poison, and ruination, and what not; that preaching to uncle, you see, has done you out of a neat five hundred pounds, that would have made a master-man of you."

"I shall leave off 'prating,' as you call it, about sobriety, when I leave off practising it, and that, I pray, may be never; and as to being 'a master-man,' the man that's free from the bondage of drink is by that and the blessing of God master over himself. That's the true masterdom."

Tom Neville turned off with a jeer from James Simpson, saying "Well, you've lost and I've won."

These young men were cousins. An old uncle had died lately and left the legacy named to Tom Neville, and not a fraction to James, because the latter had joined the ranks of abstainers. In his earnest desire to benefit the old man, whose asthma was sadly irritated by beer and spirits, James had kindly and respectfully advised Mr. Grimstone to give up the heating, feverish alcohol, and try Nature's simple safe plan of life—i.e., plain food and bland wholesome drinks, which build up and preserve, instead of heating, drying, and wasting the frame; to say nothing of the moral evil strong drink does in inflaming or stupefying the brain and rousing the passions. Tom took a different course; he not only supplied his uncle with drink, but drank with him. I do not say he positively meant to do the old man harm, but he fed the craving which hastened his death; and had James been stung by Tom's jeers and the injustice of the old man's will into speaking harshly, he might have truly called the legacy "blood money."

The conversation recorded passed between the cousins a few days after the funeral, and then they went their several ways—Tom to spend the evening with some companions who came to congratulate him on his "slice of luck," swarming to him like flies to carrion. James went home to his young wife, for whose sake he might have been glad to have a legacy; but she met him with her sweet open smile and a brave look in her bright eyes, that spoke of a happy future, and so there was not a murmur.

Yet I am not describing young people who were indifferent to money. They knew as all prudent married folks do, that money rightly employed is a great means of comfort and usefulness. It will not buy love nor health, but it afforded the means of proving the sincerity and generosity of love, and the opportunities of conserving health and strength; so Kate Simpson said in her calm voice, "Well, dear, we shall have to be more careful, that is all."

"Yes, Kate, though I don't see how you can be that."

"We might have launched out a little if we had had such a legacy as comes to Tom; but now I think, James, I must try and earn something with my needle, for you have to work so hard."

James playfully put his hand over her lips and said, "Have faith, my girl, in the proxy old adage, 'A penny saved is as good as a penny earned.'"

"I have faith in it,—I call it a wife's motto. And though, James, we never became abstainers only for the motive of saving, yet I always think what a waste it is of time and money, and health and peace, to drink the drunkard's drink."

"Ah, Kate! this costly and deadly drink! Poor uncle Grimstone's asthma might never have fixed on him and racked him as it did, certainly, humanly speaking, would not have killed him before he quite reached old age, if it had not been for his yielding to the use of that which, at the last, biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

"I bless God, dear, that we have been brought to know, by practice as well as precept, that we can be healthy and happy without it, and I think the longer we try it the better we like it."

"Now for a spell of work," said James.

Simpson was a cabinetmaker, living at Islington, London, and he was busy in evening hours making a very choice pair of tables inlaid with different colored woods, to send to a local Industrial Exhibition. As he worked his wife read aloud to him. When she grew tired of that she took her needlework, and they talked of what had been read, or those many pleasant themes that youthful love and hope and piety supply.

How soon the evening sped away! They sat a little later than usual, for James wanted to finish his tables all but the polishing; in a few nights after, that too was done, and without dwelling on all the hopes, fears, and delays which fall to the lot of deserving men as well as others, James was successful. He not only got a prize for his work, but sold his tables well. Better still, he had so many orders that he was quickly justified in giving up working as a journeyman and beginning in a small but sure way for himself. His elegant inlaid tables were not only scraps saved of different sorts of wood, but rightly considered they were scraps of saved time. While scores of his fellow-workmen were wasting their evenings at the public-house, or debasing pleasures that drink fosters, James was gathering up the fragments, and making his life happy and prosperous. Money is the least loss that a man suffers in a public-house; time, talent, reputation, who shall compute the extent of the loss of these?

Two years passed. James had not seen Tom; once he had from him a boasting letter saying he "was making a shortcut to fortune, and should win the game in that, as he had done in the legacy." But he gave no explanation and no address, so with a sigh, and not without a prayer for him, for they had been playfellows in their childhood, James feared they had parted forever.

One winter night, just as the Simpsons were gone to rest, there came a loud knocking at their door, and to James' surprise he found, on opening it, a police inspector—a man whom he knew and who lived in the same street. He put a torn scrap of paper into James' hand saying, "Do you know any one of that name? I found that in the pocket of a man who was brought into the station to-night mad drunk, and he keeps calling out for James Simpson, so being a neighbor I thought when I came off duty, I'd come and enquire of you."

While he spoke James was hastily examining the torn bit of paper, and then he saw that it was the remains of an envelope bearing the name of "Thomas Neville."

The shock was great. He had thought of Tom as a reckless, extravagant, boasting fellow, yet somehow disgrace and shame was not in his mind. Could it be the playmate of his childhood, the son of his pious Aunt Neville, at whose knee he himself had learned his earliest words of prayer and praise? Stung with the keenest apprehension, in a few minutes he made his way to the station, and found, prostrate in a cell, his arms strapped by his sides to prevent his doing himself mischief, a foaming, bleeding, yelling mass of humanity, his glaring eyes half staring out of his head, and his mouth an open sepulchre of foul breath and foul words,—his clothes all dabbled with mud and mire and blood. Shocked at the spectacle, James knowing that very recently there had been cases of men dying in police cells, insisted that a surgeon must see his wretched cousin, and he ran off and fetched the aid required. A precaution very needful. The miserable drunkard kept on at intervals shouting, "James, James Simpson, I'm being burnt alive; come, Oh! come, I say—My head's a furnace—the flame scorches my eyes—pour water on it, water! You used to talk of water, why don't you bring it, James, I say—"

These cries, in all the variations of a shout that died away into a wail only to be renewed again, lasted for hours until he was taken to the district infirmary. For thirty-six hours James never left him; at the end of that time the raving ceased, and the miserable sufferer was exhausted. Much as James had read and seen, for, alas! intemperance is found everywhere, he had no idea of such horrible torments as the emaciated creature endured. He came to the conclusion that no inventions of cruelty could inflict greater pangs than strong drink does on its victims. His worst fears were confirmed by the doctor on his rounds saying, "He's sinking fast."

"Is there no hope? He is only twenty-seven, and naturally very strong."

"None, he hasn't a single vital organ that drink has not destroyed. It's a common case—the wonder is he has lasted so long."

"A Common Case." Yes, every hospital, every medical man can supply and cite such cases. Youth blighted, talents perverted, opportunities lost, ruin and death wrought by the victim's own hand. SELF-MURDER of the worst kind! We can but faintly trace the destruction in the world to come? Every gift of a merciful God perverted. The blood-bought ransom of a loving Saviour neglected and despised. A life of feverish wretchedness,

a death of maddening agony, an eternity of "the blackness of darkness forever,"—and all for what? For the excitement of the drunkard's drink.

Left alone at the bedside, James knelt and prayed in silence. In his sober home, by the side of his sweet wife, he had learned the worth of prayer. His attitude brought his ear close to the dying man, and he waited in the hope of some recognition, and not entirely in vain. After lying a long time panting and fighting for breath, Tom turned his glazing eyes, and slowly the look of recognition came into them. He made a great effort to speak, and struggled a moment to get up. James gently laid him back on the pillow, wiped the damp from his forehead and the froth from his lips, and heard the gasping words. "That—legacy—was—my—ruin. I spent it—in—killing—myself!"

"My poor lad, do try to pray. Jesus heard the prayer, 'Lord, remember me.'"

There was an eager gleam started into the eyes, then a gurgle in the throat, and all was still.

Ah! this is but a common tale. Is it not the most dreadful comment that it is "common?" Oh that the true spirit of Christian self-denial could be universally aroused in our land, that all could be impressed with the fact—proved in thousands of instances—that total abstinence from the drunkard's drink has "the blessing of the life that now is," and leads as well to "that of the life to come." It was a strange boast Tom's "winning game," yet multitudes still think they are "winning" when fortune seems to smile, forgetting that the gifts of fortune are only valuable if we know how to use them.

ALCOHOL IN THE KITCHEN.

BY JAMES H. KELLOGG.

I am not sure but every crusade against strong drinks in the house should begin in the kitchen and end in the drawing-room. At any rate, when you consider the subject culinarily, you reach, by consent, a vital point in your treatment of the whole question. What men eat has a great deal to do with what they drink. More than this, their eating may be such as to directly create and cultivate the habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. It is plain that if the fumes and taste of alcohol are regularly or even frequently, recognized in the food of the people, the desire to take it "straight," as the toppers have it, will be perfectly natural and unavoidable. Plain, simple, nutritious cookery will never create or foster an appetite for strong drink. Mixing puddings and pastry, and the variety of dishes which might be recounted, with alcoholic fluids certainly will.

Look at the vast array of fruit-cakes, pies, puddings, jellies, sauces, preserves, in their well-nigh interminable variety, and witness the insidious working of the alcoholic fiend under the guise of necessary nutriment! Why cannot the luscious fruits of the summer and the autumn time be preserved with their natural flavor and pleasantness, and the "devil's juice" of brandy left out of the process? Why must the most harmless and healthful of articles be contaminated with the poison of alcohol before they are placed upon our tables? Why must sweet cream, and snowy sugar, and choice fruits, and the variety of things, good and healthful in themselves, used in puddings and pastries and desserts, in jellies and confections, be "doctored" with alcohol? These are serious questions for the thoughtful Christian women to-day. If they are to be the leaders and saviours of the land in the war against intemperance, let them be careful that no blood of the inebriate be found at the doorways of their kitchens. Let them purge the culinary art of all that is bad and vicious, notably of every alcoholic preparation whatever.

In a collection of recipes before me, published under the auspices of a religious society of ladies, I find in the list of puddings and sauces such directions as these: "Wine to the taste," "eat with wine-sauce," "add a cup of wine;" of "Eve's pudding," it is said that "Adam wouldn't eat it without wine;" "pour two table-spoonfuls of brandy over it;" "two table-spoonfuls of brandy," and all on a single page. In a cake list which I have inspected, also prepared by the hands of religious women, we have items like "brandy," "half tea-cup of brandy," "half a glass of brandy," &c.; of miscellaneous items, we have "hot wine-sauce," "brandy," "one pint of wine," &c. These samples are quite sufficient to show the range which the use of liquor takes in the cookery of many households; and this would be extremely mild, doubtless, in comparison with numerous cases in the ultra-fashionable ranks of society.

A physician, prominently connected with one of the life insurance companies of this State, made to me the following statement of facts: "Of 623 moderate and immoderate drinkers with whom I have conversed, 337 tell me they acquire the desire for wine and other alcoholic poisons by their use in

articles of diet and in the family and social circle, dealt out to them by their wives and sisters and female friends. Of this number, 161 cases (more than twenty-five per cent.) were from the use of liquors in articles of diet. Of the whole number referred to, 382 fill a drunkard's grave, 17 died from *mania a potu*, and 5 died by suicide."

A war, then, in the kitchen upon every brandy-flask, and demijohn, and decanter, and wine-bottle, upon every sight and smell of the hateful poison! A grand campaign, with mop, and broom-stick, and shovel, and poker, against old King Alcohol! Clear away the cider-cask from the cellar below, and baste the sides of the portly rum-jug till all the spirit is out of it! Hard at them all, mistresses and maid, in a hand-to-hand fight, a home "crusade," until your queenly dominions are forever rid of the lusty giant! And sign a treaty, a solemn compact, a kitchen pledge to be true to the real friend of the housewife, the patron of helpers, and the crowning blessing of the well-ordered house—sweet, cleansing, healthful, and life-giving water.—*Temperance Union.*

INTEMPERANCE IN INDIA.—Mr. Burnell, of the Madura mission, states:—"Intemperance is a great and growing evil. Last evening the late renter of arrack and toddy at Melur told me that the rent paid to government last year was about 12,000 rupees. This year it brought at auction double that sum. On the 3rd instant, I wrote thus: 'While I am sitting under a tamarind tree by the roadside, waiting for my breakfast, not less than a dozen men have passed by, each with a large earthen vessel to get 'toddy,' or the sap of the socoo tree. When I remonstrate with them upon their iniquitous business, they blame the government. So does also my chief-caste cartman. While the English have done, and are doing, much for India, they have encouraged drinking habits and are fostering the curse of intemperance through the 'abkarry revenue,' or renting of arrack and toddy,—selling the rents to the highest bidders, and so making it the renter's interest to increase the number of habitual drinkers and drunkards. ... It is a sad fact that the ungodly lives, and especially the drinking habits of many nominal Christians from Europe, are a great hindrance to the spread of Christianity among the Hindoos. But, notwithstanding all evils and obstructions, the work of God is going forward.'—*Missionary Herald.*

BRANDY OR DEATH.—Mrs. Hind Smith is responsible for the following. A lady in London was told that if she was not administered alcoholic stimulants she would die. The doctor said to the husband, "Your wife is sinking very fast." The husband replied "I can see it." The doctor added, "I have tried my best and there is nothing more I can do. I know you are both abstainers, but now it is essential to administer alcohol. I can stake my medical reputation upon that prescription. If you don't give in, and let her have a little brandy, she will not be living to-morrow." The husband wished to tell his wife, but he could not bring out the words. At length he said, "The doctor says you will die if you don't take a little brandy." "Well," said she, "I will die." That is twenty years ago, and she is now bright and as well as anybody here. The lesson I would teach from this is, that you should commit your bodily as well as your soul's salvation into the hands of God, and not trust to brandy.

MOODY ON DISTILLERS.—The London *Alliance News*, describing one of Moody and Sankey's meetings in Scotland, says: "A few nights previous, when discoursing on Zacheus, he (Mr. Moody) produced a great sensation by coming out boldly against distillers. Be it kept in mind that he was in the pulpit of the distillers' kirk, and that a distiller was acting in the place of Mr. Sankey as leader of the singing. In the midst of an animated address Mr. Moody made a pause, and asked the question, 'Is there any rich distiller who has made his money by the ruin of the bodies and the souls of men? I say to him, If you expect or desire the favor of God, make restitution, and restore to the parties. Don't think to make peace by giving a thousand pounds to build a church. Go to the widows you have made, and to them restore as far as in your power.'—*Ec.*

—Not once or twice alone in the world's history has God seemed to make his very best and gravest servants drink to the very dregs the cup of apparent failure—called them suddenly away by the sharp stroke of martyrdom, or down the long declivities of a lingering disease, before even a distant view of their work has been vouchsafed to them; flung them, as it were, aside like broken instruments, useless for their destined purpose, ere he crowned with an immortality of success and blessings the lives which fools regard as madness, and the end that has been without human honor. It is but a part of that merciful fire in which he is purging away the dross from the seven times refined gold of a spirit which shall be worthy of eternal bliss.—*Farrar.*



Agricultural Department.

VARIETY IN FEEDING.

As the result of some observation, experience, and careful thought, I am strongly inclined to the opinion that variety in feeding is one of the essential conditions of success, and has in fact more influence on final results than most farmers suspect. If this is true, the principle will hold good for all feeding; not merely in the case of cattle, but also and equally in regard to the feeding of crops. If, for example, it is found expedient, when cows are fed for milk, or steers for beef, to blend albumenoids and carbo-hydrates in their feed in certain proportions, it is clearly not necessary nor is it wise to take the nitrogenous element entirely from clover, or the carbonaceous matter exclusively from potatoes; but rather to get each of these from several sources, instead of from a single one. In like manner, if we intend to apply to a corn crop a certain amount of nitrogen, of phosphoric acid and of potash, it is better, if we can, to obtain these several elements, each from several sources, provided it does not make too much difference in the expense.

In fact I think we may carry this principle of variety still further and apply it to passive as well as active manurial elements; that is, to those substances chiefly used as absorbents or divisors. Every farmer knows, for instance, that in making a compost of bone flour, hen dung, and ashes, some effective absorbent is indispensable to the value and safety of such a mixture. Perhaps the absorbent most frequently used in this case is dry earth or peat, while some use pulverized charcoal and others plaster. Now I have known cases in which the union of all these has been attended with very striking results, and I am confident that an absorbent composed of all three, blended in right proportions, will, in certain cases, at least, if not generally, prove the most efficient.

Without at present entering into the reasons for this view, I merely remark that it seems to be the teaching of observation and experience. I believe it will be found that, other things being equal, the greater the variety of nutritive elements employed in feeding either crops or animals (within reasonable limits), the greater will be the certainty of the result, and very often the profit also; and further, that the most complete formula for every crop as I have said before, will comprise not artificial manures exclusively, nor the different kinds of animal dung only, but a carefully studied combination of both.

This general principle of variety in feeding, and its two-fold application to animals and plants, though not at all new to our farmers, is entirely too much neglected in practice, and is therefore suggested here as a subject of sufficient importance to be further developed by discussion, and tested by experiments.—*Conrad Wilson, in Christian Union.*

THE CHECK-REIN.

With a logic as defective as their humanity, some persons declare that "the check-rein holds the horse up, if inclined to fall." How far the instrument designed to prevent an animal falling holds it up, which falls with it, has never been satisfactorily explained.

That some horses, rendered vicious and hard-mouthed by bad treatment, require a bit somewhat severe, may be conceded; but who, in all fairness, has seen the fearful inventions nowadays forced into the mouths of horses, attached to the carriages of the wealthy in particular, will assert that they are aught else than instruments of outrageous torture? If it should be the good fortune of the writer of these lines to convince one lady or gentleman of the folly and inhumanity of their use, he will feel that his labor is compensated.

To insure the full exercise of an animal's power in the safest and most easy way to itself, we should be careful not permanently to disturb its natural posture. The question to be decided is, whether or not it is most judicious and proper to give a horse the free use of his head, or to prevent him from having that use.

The pain occasioned to a horse by a tight check-rein is intense. The action of every muscle is impeded. If a false step is taken, recovery is rendered difficult. Discomfort makes the poor animal restless. The impatient movements occasioned by his distress are not unfrequently visited by a cut from the whip of an ignorant coachman; the horse is called ill-tempered, when he is only miserable. Some new instrument of torture is forced into his mouth in the shape of a bit, with temper and mouth both ruined, he passes into the hands of an omnibus-driver or cabman, when his bearing-rein is cast aside, and for the first

time he is treated with common-sense and humanity.

It is a severe penance to any one loving a horse to witness the sufferings from this absurd and cruel practice. Little does the benevolent lady know of the agony of the two noble animals by whom she is so pleasantly drawn along. She probably fancies that the high-prancing step, and toss of head, which scatters flakes of foam at every step, are expressions of pride and satisfaction; when, in fact, they are occasioned by needless pain, and a vain effort to obtain relief.

Could these speechless sufferers answer the enquiries, Why do you continually toss your head while standing in the harness? Why do you stretch open your mouth, shake your head, and gnash your teeth? Why do you turn your heads back towards your sides, as if you were looking at the carriage?—they would answer: All, all this is done to get relief from the agony we are enduring by having our heads kept erect and our necks bent by tight bridles and galling bits.

While many of the instruments of torture applied to the horse in this country are of foreign invention, some are the product of native talent. Among the latter is one which is a strap passing from the saddle-hook along the neck, and over the head between the ears, secured to each ring of the bit. A more graceless, stupid invention could not well be conceived; and its only recommendation must be that it adds a new pain to the poor horse by pressing violently upon its brain?

Listen to what the author of the "Horse in Health and Disease" says about the check-rein: "I am anxious, in this place, to add my anathema against that inhuman instrument of torture, the check-rein. It is not less detrimental to the utility of the animal than it is repulsive with agony to him. Look at the elongated mouths of the unfortunate animals thus abused—torn by the bit in their unavailing efforts to overcome this truly barbarous instrument. What produces that dreadful disease poll-evil, but the action of this cruel strap, constraining the head during the violent exertions of the animal, producing inflammation and ulceration of the point upon which it articulates with the spine? Oh! ye daughters of the land, think what agony you might prevent by a little thought for the dumb beasts who serve you so well!"—*Henry Bergh.*

THE PLEASURES OF FARMING.

It is a pleasure to an intelligent man to be the owner of a good farm and to carry on the business of farming, if done properly. No other pursuit is so well adapted to afford health and happiness. To have sweet milk and fresh butter and eggs, and vegetables and fruits from one's own garden and orchard, and poultry, mutton, and bacon of one's own raising, to live upon, is very agreeable. To see the pigs, lambs, calves, and colts increasing, the crops growing, the stock improving in value, the fruit trees bearing their scarlet and golden harvests, and everything prospering, as it generally will under wise management, affords any good man pleasure.

But the farmer, to enjoy farming, must manage his business well. He must plan wisely and execute promptly. He must be a sort of military man in this respect. He must lay the plan of his campaign at this season of the year, and carry it out as thoroughly as possible. To enjoy farming, one wants the best of everything—the best cattle, horses, sheep, and swine, and fruits and crops. He should be ambitious to have the best and should strive for it constantly. His crops should be put in in the best manner. He should have the neatest and best-kept meadows and pastures, the finest orchards and gardens, and neat farm buildings, and everything should show an air of tidiness and order, dictated by an intelligent mind.

It is not necessary to have expensive buildings. Any, however cheap, if put in the proper places, surrounded by neat fences, and the ground adorned by shade and forest trees, will look well. The passer-by will be pleased at the outlook; he will see there the evidence of a happy home. The house sits back a few rods from the road, on a little knoll, so the water drains easily from it. Shrubby and shade trees are planted in the yard. To the right or left of the house and a little back of it the barns and stables are built with some system. The garden and orchard are convenient to the house and everything is arranged in order. The farmer has taken pleasure in forming his plans, and now takes pleasure in seeing how neatly everything looks. His wife and sons and daughters and neighbors feel the influence of these admirable arrangements. It has cost no more, or but little more, than to put up everything in a slipshod, haphazard manner. It would sell for two or three times as much. But homes should never be sold. They are sacred places. They should be made for one's children, and children's children. How dear are all of the associations of our childhood days! Why break them? Why let strangers intrude and desecrate places that are the holiest on earth?

If farmers would exercise this care and foresight and taste in making their farms and homes attractive, there would be a stronger love for country life. There is too much inclination among the young people for the city, and yearly our cities are increasing in population and influence, at the expense of the country.

Could parents see what we are compelled to see almost daily, as we go from our country home to our office in the city, they would spare no labor to endear farm-life to their sons and daughters. Could they see the debauchery, open and notorious, incident to all cities, they would shudder. Could they see the young men, yes, and young women, too, that parade city streets, bearing every evidence of vice and intemperance and degradation, that a few weeks or months or years ago came fresh and pure from country homes, and then consider that such, perhaps, may be the fate of their own kith or kin, if country life is not made more attractive, would they not say it is our highest duty to attach our children to farm-life, to favor innocent amusements, to patronize good books and papers and libraries, to help elevate the tone of society, to carefully consider the tastes and wishes of young people, and to give them proper direction, so that the dangerous period of youth may be passed in safety and the rocks which have shattered the barks of tens of thousands of generous youth may be avoided in the voyage of life which all must travel?—*Colman's Rural World.*

AN ARTIFICIAL MOTHER.—Mr. T. B. Rogers, the famous poultry raiser at Wethersfield, has "sensed the precise thing" and has invented what he calls an "artificial mother" for the rearing of young chickens. He estimates that at least fifty per cent. of chickens hatched are lost by suffering from cold, by being stepped on by their mother, by cats and other animals, and in various other ways. He also finds that chickens to be profitable should be hatched in the winter. He has hatched three broods in nine weeks with one hen—that is, he takes away the chickens as soon as hatched and places fresh eggs under the hen, and in this way keeps her busy propagating chickens. Mr. Rogers's next move was to get up some invention that would take care of the chickens when hatched, and he has constructed what he calls an "artificial mother." This is a box with two compartments, and about three feet long by two feet and a half wide. In the rear is a lid covered with wool which shuts within three inches of the bottom; this is cut off from the front part by a strip that can be raised on hinges. The front is protected by lattices work, giving plenty of air and light, and on the outside are tin troughs, in which gravel, food and water are placed. The chickens can easily get their bills into these, and when they have got their fill they can run under the wool-covered lid, which is so soft and comfortable that they imagine they are under the old hen's wings. Mr. Rogers had in one of these boxes yesterday a brood of twenty-one chickens, sixteen of which were hatched last Thursday, and five on Sunday. They were all as lively as crickets, and seemed perfectly at ease. He took them to the Springfield poultry show on the noon train, where they will undoubtedly attract a good deal of attention. Mr. Rogers deals exclusively in light Brahmas and thinks they are the best layers as well as the most profitable fowls for the table.—*Hartford Courant.*

WORKING DOGS.—In all the German towns the dogs are utilized. They are taught to work, and not raised to play, as in England. Hitched to little carts, either in the shafts or under the wagon, they supplement the man or woman who owns the barrow, and pull by ones or twos with surprising fidelity; and, better than all, they seem to be proud of their service. In Switzerland, dogs are very generally used, similarly; and scores of the larger breeds may be seen early in the morning, at any of the larger towns, harnessed into their little milk-wagons, which they drag from door to door to the patrons of their owners, without mistaking the residences of the customers,—performing this duty cheerfully and as regularly as would a horse or a mule in the same service.

SWINE SUSCEPTIBLE TO KIND TREATMENT.—John C. Dillon, farm superintendent of the Agricultural College, gives, in the *Ploughman* a long account of a Chester pig called "Marmion," which, as Mr. D. says, "under the influence of kind treatment, developed those faculties which swine undoubtedly possess, but which are little prized and rarely cultivated; viz., a remarkable docility, sagacity, and affectionate regard for those whom he looked on as his friends. He would always greet me with a gruff but cordial welcome, seemed pleased to have me open his mouth and exhibit his great tusks; and whenever his services were required, I had only to say, 'Come, Marmion,' and he would leave his mates, and follow me wherever I chose to lead. When killed he weighed 1,020 pounds."—*Dumb Animals.*

DOMESTIC.

—To refasten the loose handles of knives and forks, make a cement of common brick dust and rosin melted together.

—To preserve flowers in water, mix a little carbonate of soda in water and it will preserve the flowers a fortnight. Saltpetre is also good.

—If brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week, they will become very tough, and will not put a carpet, last much longer, and always sweep like a new broom.

—The best way to cook codfish is to strip it of skin and cut it in pieces about the size of one's hand; place it in water and allow it to simmer on the stove until it becomes tender. It should never be allowed to boil. Boiling hardens and darkens the fish, and deprives it of its flavor.

—Meat boiled for table use should be plunged at once into boiling water, as the heat contracts the outer surface and coagulates the albumen, thus preventing the escape of the juices. Prepared for stock or broth, it should be placed on the fire in cold water, as then the unconfined juices are free to pass into the liquor surrounding it.

—Boil one pound of best white glue and strain very clear; boil also four ounces of isinglass, and mix the two together; place them on a water bath with half a pound of white sugar, and evaporate till the liquid is quite thick, when it is to be poured into moulds, cut, and dried to carry in the pocket. This mucilage immediately dissolves in water, and fastens paper very firmly.

—For damp closets and cupboards which generate mildew, a trayful of quick-lime will be found to absorb the moisture and render the air pure, but of course it is necessary to renew the lime from time to time as it becomes fully slaked. This remedy will be found useful in safes and storage-rooms, the damp air of which acts frequently most injuriously on the valuable deeds and documents which they contain.

—A very dusty carpet may be cleansed by setting a pail of water out by the door, wet the broom in it, knock it to get off all the drops, sweep a yard or so, then wash the broom as before, and sweep again, being careful to shake all the drops off the broom, and not sweep far at a time. If done with care, it will clean a carpet very nicely, and you will be surprised at the quantity of dirt in the water.

VENTILATION OF CUPBOARDS.—In the sanitary arrangements of houses, even for the richer classes, the ventilation of cupboards is neglected. In places let us remember, closets are the receptacles for bread, and the fragments of various other kinds of food. Often the dirty clothes are put away in these places, waiting for washing. It is therefore important that air should be plentifully passed through such corners; generally, however, there is but little arrangement made for this purpose. The doors are kept closed without any perforation. There are no ventilators in the walls, and, in consequence, these places become cases of polluted air, which, when the doors are opened, escapes over the apartments. This defect is visible in nearly all houses of old date; and while looking at some dwellings of recent construction it is seen that, although care has been taken to ventilate staircases and rooms, the cupboards are in this respect neglected.

MINCE PIES.—Put into hot water, enough to cover them, a beef's head and about three pounds of scraggy beef from the neck; add hot water from time to time till the beef, &c., is entirely tender; then remove the lid from the pot and continue boiling until the beef is dry. If the beef is well washed before putting over the fire it will not need skimming, as much of the juice will rise to the top while boiling, and should not be thrown away. When taken from the fire remove any gristly or stringy bits, and put the head, &c., into a sausage-cutter or chopping-tray. Grind or chop very fine. Also mince three pounds of beef suet; stone and cut, but do not chop, four pounds of raisins; wash, dry, and pick six pounds of Zante currants; cut into thin, small slices one half-pound of citron, four ounces of candied lemon, and two ounces of candied orange-peel. Add the grated rind of three lemons, three grated nutmegs, and one ounce of ground cloves. Chop finely four quarts (after they are pared and cored) of nice apples; add one and a half quarts of good molasses and the juice of six lemons. If one has a quantity of good preserves, they form an excellent substitute for the raisins, currants, and citron. Quince marmalade, West India limes, and Virginian pears make a good combination; or crab-apple marmalade, quince preserves, and candied or dried cherries. Mince-meats thus prepared will keep two months if closely packed in jars, the tops covered with a little molasses, and the whole carefully sealed from the air. In this case the apples should be added from time to time as the mince-meat is required for use.

JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

(From the Sunday Magazine)

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued)

Stories about dead people don't begin like that. Wait a bit. There was a man once who fell ill," said Tabby, after a moment's thought, "and died, and when he was dead they buried him. And the day they buried him somebody said to somebody else that he'd go and dig him up again. Or—let me see—no, he didn't say that; but he said he'd go and dig down till he reached his coffin and hammer another nail into it."

"But why should he do that?" asked Janet, opening her eyes very wide. "Did—did he think he wasn't properly nailed?"

"He didn't care whether he was properly nailed or not," said Tabby contemptuously. "It wasn't that. He wanted to show that he wasn't afraid,—don't you see? They was a talking together, they two, and says one to the other, 'You think there's such things as ghosts; and there ain't no such things as ghosts. When a man is dead he's dead, and there's an end of him. I'm no more afraid of a dead man than a living one.' And then says the other, 'Well, if you ain't, go and dig down to Dick's—we'll call him Dick)—go and dig down to Dick's coffin and knock another nail into it, and then, says he, 'if you does that I'll believe you.' So they made a bet on it, and the man that said he wasn't afraid took a hammer and nails, and a big spade, and went late at night to the churchyard, and began to dig away at Dick's grave. And he dug away and dug away, till he got down to the coffin; and when he had got down to the coffin, he jumped into the hole, and got upon his knees on the coffin lid, and took a long nail and hammered it in; and then, just as he was a going to get up again—what do you think?" and Tabby suddenly paused here, and looked into Janet's horror-struck face with the next words arrested on her lips.

"Wh—what?" said Janet, breathless.

"All at once, as he was a going to get up again from his knees, he found that the dead man had caught him, tight!"

"Oh!" cried Janet, gasping.

"Yes, so tight that he couldn't move—just as if he'd got hold of his coat with a great strong

hand. And the man—the man that was alive, you know—was in such a fright that he gave a great scream, as if he'd been shot, and then he fainted right away. And—and that was the end of him," said Tabby, bringing her story to a conclusion rather abruptly; "for when some other people come in the morning, they found him a lying on the coffin lid quite dead, and—just think!—it hadn't been a ghost that had laid hold of him at all, but he'd nailed himself to the coffin by driving in the nail through his coat tail. Wasn't it a joke! Now, ain't that a good story?" asked Tabby, cheerfully, with her face all on a broad grin.

I am afraid that Janet's enjoyment of the story had not been quite so keen as could have been wished. Tabby had, it is true, quite fulfilled her promise that she would make her companion's flesh creep; but some people don't care about getting their flesh set creeping, and to tell the truth Janet was one of these.

"Ye—es, I suppose it's a good story," she said hesitatingly, in reply to Tabby's question. "It's a—very good story, I suppose—only—it's rather horrid, isn't it?"

"Horrid? I should think it was! Why, that's the fun of it," cried Tabby scornfully. "I don't care tuppence for stories that don't give you a crawly feeling, you know. There ain't no good in 'em if they don't do that. I'd like to hear the sort of story you'd tell, though! My eye, wouldn't it be a milk and water one! Come, fire away at something, just for the fun of the thing," said Tabby, with her mischievous eyes gleaming.

It was strange, perhaps, that Janet should not find herself encouraged by this pleasant invitation to begin the narration of a tale forthwith, but I am obliged to confess that instead of "firing away" when Tabby bid her, she felt very much as if her tongue was beginning to cleave to the roof of her mouth, and for the life of her she could not think of any story that seemed likely to have charms for Tabby's ear.

"I'm not good at telling stories. I don't know many. I'm afraid I'm very stupid," she said, looking timidly in her companion's face.

"Well, I guess you are," answered Tabby frankly, "you must be if you can't make stories. Why, I can make 'em as fast as I can speak. But come now, you can't but know some. It

don't matter whether they're good or bad. Just tell anything. You can tell a true one if you can't do no better. Surely," said Tabby, who, I fear, had rather a contempt for truth, "surely you can tell a true story at any rate?"

"I don't know. I—I can tell you things I used to do," said Janet hesitatingly.

"There won't be much fun in hearing them, I should think," replied Tabby with undisguised scorn. "But come along—if you can't do nothing better—let's hear about 'em."

"I used to be so happy when I was little," said Janet, beginning in rather a faint voice, for she had not much hope of interesting her companion. "You know I didn't live here in London then; I used to live in the country far away."

"Why, that's just like me," said Tabby.

"What, did you ever live in the country?" asked Janet eagerly, with her face lighting up.

"Oh yes, I did once," replied Tabby carelessly. "I've most forgot everything about it now. I was born there; and then father died; and then mother come up to London. Mother belonged to London, and she found the country dull, you know."

"I can't think how anybody can find the country dull," said Janet, with a longing sigh.

"Oh, you would, if you was like mother. There ain't enough going on there to suit her. There ain't theatres, you know, nor them dancing places, nor nothing," said Tabby coolly, quite unconscious of the strange look on Janet's face. "Oh, the country never does for the likes of her. It's very well for little 'uns like you and me, 'cause we can get fun out of anything; but grown-up people seems different somehow. It needs such a deal to make them jolly. I wonder what the country would seem like now! I shouldn't mind seeing it again—once in a while."

"I wish I could see it again!" said Janet fervently.

"Why? was you so fond of it?" asked Tabby.

"Fond of it!" echoed Janet, with a little break in her voice; "how could anybody help being fond of it? Oh, think of awakening in the morning with the birds singing outside your windows! Think of getting up and running out into the green fields, and going and getting flowers and blackberries—and sitting in the woods! I used to have a

little pony that I rode upon; it wasn't mine, but somebody lent it to me. Just think of riding on a pony along the pretty country lanes, with the trees over your head, and the honeysuckle in the hedges, and all the wild roses, and the foxglove, and the buttercups, and the violets!"

"Set a beggar on horseback! Oh, my eye, if I had a pony wouldn't I whop it and make it go!" said Tabby.

"And we had such a pretty garden—a dear old garden, full of fruit-trees and flowers, and we had a cow, and cocks and hens, and once we had a goat."

"I knows about goats," said Tabby. "They has one down in the next street, at the blacksmith's; and oh, ain't he vicious!"

"Ours wasn't vicious," said Janet quickly. "He was quite young, and he used to play so prettily. But still I liked the cow best. She was such a dear old cow. She knew me quite well, and she used to turn round and low when she heard me coming; and often and often in the afternoons papa and I used to go at milking time and get new milk, oh, such rich, warm, beautiful milk! They thought it was good for poor papa,—but it never seemed to do him any good," said Janet, with a sudden sad drop in her voice.

"Why—was he ill?" asked Tabby bluntly.

"Yes, he was ill. He was dying—he was dying for a long, long time," said Janet half aloud. "He was a clergyman, and he used to work so hard. He was always with the poor people, teaching them, and reading to them, and doing them good. He used to work all day, and sometimes at night he would be so tired that he could hardly speak."

"Serve him right," said Tabby sharply. "What's the good o' anybody working that way when they're not obliged? I daresay all the people would ha' done just as well without him."

"But it was his business to work," explained Janet indignantly. "He wouldn't have been happy if he hadn't done it. He went on working till—till—he just died at last."

"Like the old horses do," said Tabby. "I saw one to-day—a dreadful old beast—and he was a pulling a cart with stones in it, and he had a great sore on his back, and his master was a beating him, and all at once he went down—like a shot."

"Papa broke a blood-vessel,"

said Janet sorrowfully. "It was that that killed him. He had gone out one morning just as usual, and I didn't know that he was ill—I mean I didn't know that he was so very ill—and I was playing in the garden, and—and all at once I saw some people coming in at the gate, and they had got him on a mattress, and,—O papa!" cried poor little Janet, suddenly breaking off her story with a great bitter sob.

"And then that was the end of him, was it?" said Tabby.

"Yes, he died in a few hours. They brought him in and laid him on his bed, and he knew me," said Janet softly, with a quivering voice, "and they let me stop with him—till he was dead. Oh, it seems such a long time ago!—it seems such a long, long time ago!" cried the child.

"Well, he must ha' died sometime, you know," said Tabby, after a little silence. She had been watching Janet's emotion with a sort of grave curiosity. "We can't none of us live forever."

"Yes,—but he was quite young," said Janet sadly. "And, oh, he was so good!"

"Being good wouldn't do much to keep him alive," said Tabby shrewdly. "Seems to me more as if being bad's the way to live; for look!—there's mother—she's bad enough, and see what a hand she is at living; and father—he was allright, and he fell off a ladder ever so long ago, and killed hisself! Oh, as for being good," said Tabby scornfully, "that's all gammon! What do you ever get by it? It don't make you live long, and it don't make you rich, and it don't make you jolly. I ain't good, but I'm a sight jollier than you are. Now ain't I?—ain't I?" said Tabby, pressing her question. And indeed, to tell the truth, it could not be denied that she was.

The children sat talking till the candle that stood on the table between them sank suddenly in to its socket, and Tabby at this happened jumped to her feet.

"Why, we shan't have a bit o' candle left to go to bed by," she called out. "Come on, and look sharp. You'll have to turn in just as you are, you know; only we'll roll up a bit o' something for a pillow, and here's a old petticoat to cover you over. Now, won't you be snug?" and Tabby complacently pulled down from a nail on the wall, and held up for her companion's admiration, a garment so ragged and stained and dirty with wear and

over me," and so she pushed it farther and further off her, and lay with open ears, listening intently for the sound of a step.

"Are you all right?" cried Tabby once from the opposite corner of the room.

"Oh, yes, I'm all right," answered Janet, feeling rather guilty.

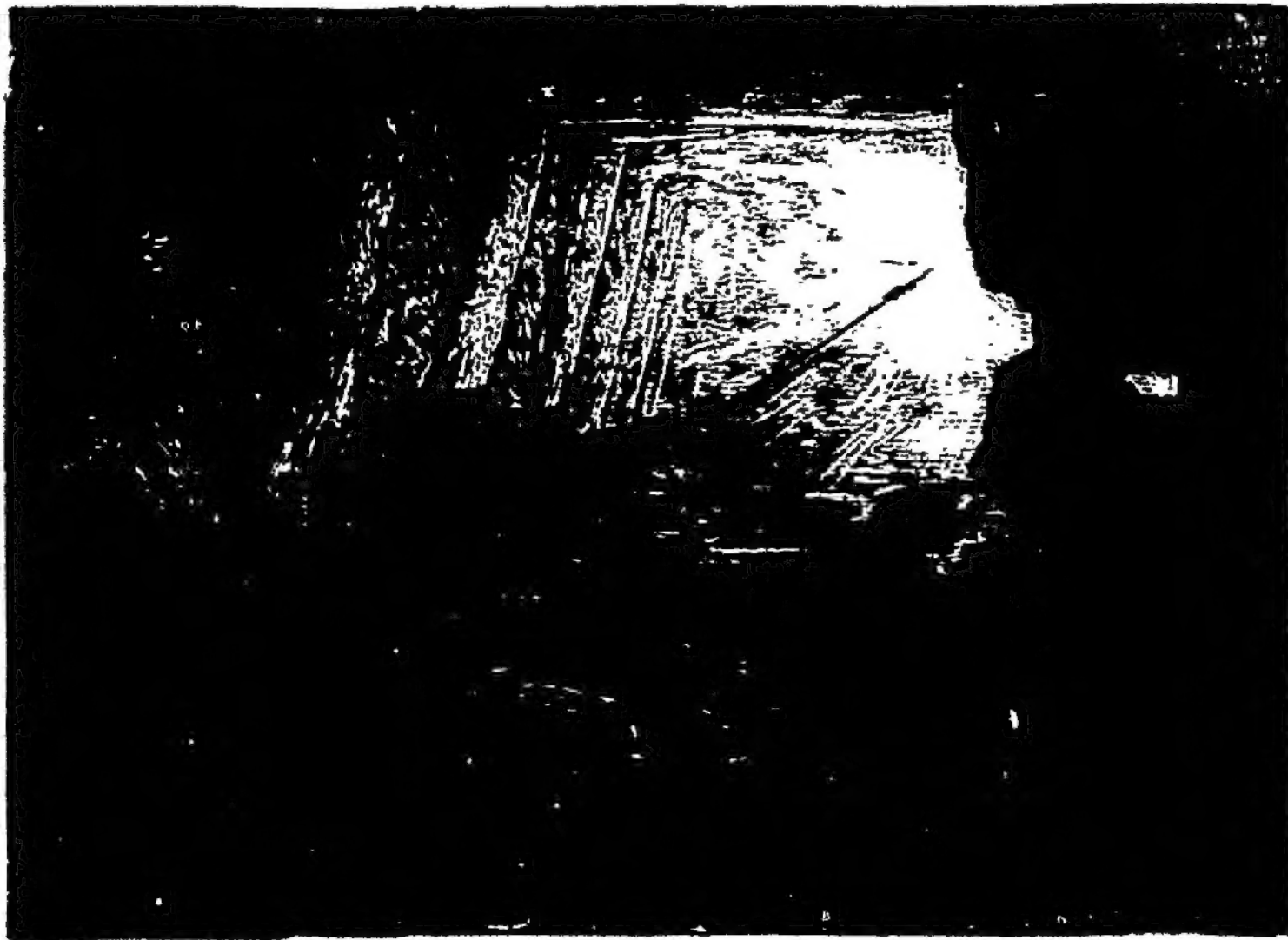
"Whatever you do, mind you keep the petticoat all over you," said Tabby. "How do you like your bed? Is the floor very hard?" (TO BE CONTINUED)

leathern garments, the stick, and the candle approached the fearful-looking black hole in the earth that told where the mine opened. Here and there, as he went along, his covered hand received a grasp from some other hand stretched forth, just as men will grasp hands when they feel that the glad "good day" may be a farewell for all time.

Down, down he went alone into the mine.

"Quick, man! Get close to the bottom of the level," he seemed to hear a voice say, and he went down on his knees, holding as high up as he could reach the lighted candle.

A loud report filled the black cavern. The air got aflame. He sprang to his feet and pressed on a little way. Then he went down again, close to the bottom, and again came explosion and flame, a great light and a sudden darkness. Through many levels in the coal mine went the man, and ever before him went sound and fire. He was burning the "fire-damp," that the next morning, when the colliers



THE "PENITENT" LIGHTING THE FIRE-DAMP.

THE MAN DRESSED IN LEATHER.

BY S. J. PRICHARD.

How queerly the man was dressed! His whole figure was wrapped about in clothing made of leather. Over his face was a mask, over his head a hood like the cowl of a monk. In his hand he carried a long stick, and at the end of the stick was a lighted candle. Had you seen the man's face before he put the mask over it you would have known that the work he was about to do was solemn, earnest work, for he glanced at the sweet, fair earth, as much as to say, "Good-by, dear world. I may never see you again. I am bound for the field of honor." But where was the man going? Come and see.

The day was done; the day of the sun and the day of the collier at the mine of Rive-de-Gier, in France. The last miner had come forth when the man with

went down into the mine, they might not meet death from explosions of the dangerous, deadly gas.

The courageous men who did this fearful work at the cost, oftentimes, of life, were called "penitents" in France, because of the monk's cowl which they used to wear, and sometimes "cannoniers;" while in England they were called "firemen." It is fifty years or more since a "penitent" went down for the last time to do his work in the mine at Rive-de-Gier; for, in 1815, Sir Humphrey Davy invented a safety-lamp for the use of miners. This lamp was so made that the fire-damp could not touch the flame, and therefore could not explode.

About the same time Mr. George Stephenson was also trying to make a lamp that it would be safe to use in coal mines, and he did construct one, by covering the flame with wire gauze, and it was found that the gas would not pass through—*Christian Weekly*.

age, that the sight of it and the thought of being wrapped up in it made Janet creep.

"It's such a warm night. Do you think I need have anything over me?" she said.

"Why, of course you must, or mother'll see you. You must put it right over you, head and all. Lie down, and I'll do it for you. Tuck your legs up; a little bit higher still. Now, there you are; and nobody'd know you from a bundle of old rags," said Tabby, as she stood back and contemplated the result of her handiwork.

She had tucked the petticoat in neatly all round Janet's head, not leaving her victim so much as an airhole to breathe through; but as soon as ever the candle had given its last flicker and expired, and the room was in darkness, poor little stifled Janet threw the foul-smelling garment back.

"I'll lie awake, and cover myself up when anybody comes," she thought to herself; "but I can't lie with this dreadful thing



The Family Circle.

LOVE.

Now abideth Faith, Hope and Charity, but the greatest of these is Charity.—*St. Paul.*

O God, enlighten me,
Give me my sins to see,
All my vileness let me feel;
Groan beneath my load of guilt,
Jesus then to me reveal,
Show for me His blood was spilt.

True faith to me impart,
That purifies the heart,—
Faith that works by love divine,
Forms Thine image in the heart,
Faith that knows the Saviour mine,
Bidding unbelief depart.

Let hope to me be given,
Earnest of bliss in Heaven,
Bliss that human thought transcends,
Bliss that always shall endure—
Bliss the Saviour condescends
To bestow upon the pure.

May love superior dwell
(Love undesirable)
In me, and each thought enhance,
Of the Saviour's dying love,
Love that doth the soul entrance,
Ere it from the earth remove.

Aberdeen, August, 1875.

"JUST CHARGE IT!"

A LESSON IN ECONOMY.

"Charles, what did this peach preserve cost?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Hannah."
"But you bought it this morning."
"I know I did, but I didn't ask the price of it."

"Didn't you pay for it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Oh, because I couldn't make change. I have opened an account with Mr. Waldron, and shall hereafter settle once every three months."

This conversation was carried on at the tea-table between Charles Mathews and his wife. Mathews was a young mechanic who had just commenced housekeeping, and as he was making excellent wages he could afford to live pretty well. After he had made known his determined agreement to his wife she remained some time in silent thought.

"Charles," she at length said, in a mild, persuasive tone, "I think it would be better to pay for things as you take them. You know you get your pay for work every Saturday night, and you could pay as you go very easily."

"I know I could," replied Mr. Mathews, with the air of a man who had unanswerable arguments at his command: "but then it would not be near so handy. You see, I shall save all the trouble of making change, and shall not only save time, but also avoid making mistakes."

"Mistakes?" repeated Hannah. "How can mistakes occur when you pay for things as you get them?"

"I will tell you. Sometimes it may not be convenient to pay for a thing when I get it—I may forget my money, or I may only take it on trial—then if I pay for a part and not for all, some things may get charged that I pay for. No, Hannah, a settlement once a quarter will be the best and most convenient all round, I am satisfied of it."

"Well, perhaps it may," said the wife, with an earnest tone and look, and yet with a smile "but I cannot think as you do."

"But why not?"

"Why, on all accounts. In the first place you will buy more than if you paid cash. Now you needn't shake your head, for I know it. There are many little luxuries, little extras, which we do not need, but which you will be apt to buy if you do not have to pay the money down. I know something of this credit system, and I know that it is not a fair or good thing. In the second place, if you pay cash for everything you will get your goods cheaper. A trader will sell cheaper when he can have the money in his hands than when he has to carry out the amount on his ledger."

"But let me tell you, Hannah, that Mr.

Waldron will not cheat. He is not the man to take advantage in that way."

"You misunderstand me, Charles; do you not know that all traders can afford to sell cheaper when they have the money in their hands and do not have to carry the amount to their ledger. They can afford to do so. Traders like to secure cash customers. I think you will find it to your advantage to try the cash system. Now I do not believe that you would have bought this peach preserve if you had had to pay cash for it."

"But I bought that to please you, and I thought you would be pleased."

"I know you did," she replied, as she laid her hand affectionately on his shoulder. "I know you would do anything to please me; but for the sake of helping you I would forego all such pleasures. Then after a few years perhaps we might own a little cottage of our own."

For several days Charles only sent up from the store what they really needed. At length, as he went to the store one morning, on his way to his work, he saw some splendid pickles in fancy jars. He had ordered the articles he needed, and was about to leave when Mr. Waldron spoke:

"Mr. Mathews," said he "don't you want a jar of pickles? I carried my wife a jar last evening, and she thinks them superior to any she ever saw."

Now Charles knew that his wife had plenty of plain pickled cucumbers, some that her mother had put down for her, but Mr. Waldron's wife had some of these fancy ones, and why shouldn't Hannah?

And so he ordered the jar, and, as it was inconvenient to pay for it, he ordered it charged.

"Mr. Mathews, anything you may want you can order at any time, and you may rest assured we shall be very happy to accommodate you."

Now this was flattering to young Mathews' feelings, to think that the trader had such confidence in him, and he went away with an exceedingly good opinion of himself and credit, and of the storekeeper in particular.

Only one dollar! Yes—only one dollar on the trader's ledger—that's of no account. But a dollar right out of one's pocket—that was different. Charles would not have purchased them had he been obliged to pay the cash at the time.

"Ah, Mathews, look here, I have something nice to show you." This was said by the trader to the young man the very next morning after the purchase of the pickles. And so Mr. Waldron led our hero to the back shop and opened a box.

"There now, Mathews, ain't those nice oranges?"

"They are nice," replied Charles. And so they really were.

"I know your wife would like some of those. I carried some home to my wife, and she wanted me to save her three or four dozen."

"These are nice. How high are they?"

"Let me see; I can send you up three dozen for a dollar. I got these very cheap. You know they are retailing at five cents apiece."

"Yes. Well, you may send me up three dozen. Just charge it, if you please."

"Certainly. Anything else this morning?"

And so Mathews went on. This morning it would be a dollar—to-morrow perhaps fifty cents—and then again perhaps only a quarter. It didn't seem much. The young man had just as much money in his pocket as though he hadn't bought them. "Only a dollar," he said to himself. "That isn't much out of twelve dollars a week." And it might not be, but that the next dollar was called one dollar, and he would forget to add it to the former dollar and call it two dollars; and with the next dollar and call it three dollars, and so on.

One evening Charles came home with a new gold chain attached to his watch.

"Where did you get that?" asked his wife.

"Ah," returned the husband with an impressive shake of the head, "I made a bargain on this chain. Now guess how much I paid for it."

"I am sure I could not guess."

"Oh, but try—guess something."

"Well, perhaps, ten dollars."

"Ten dollars?" echoed Charles with a disappointed look. "Why what are you thinking of? Jack Cummins bought this chain two months ago, and paid twenty dollars for it. Why, just felt it and see how heavy it is. Eighteen carats fine. Jack was hard up for money, and let me have it for thirteen dollars."

"It is cheap, to be sure," returned Hannah, but yet with not such pleasurable surprise as her husband had expected. "But," she added, "you did not need it, and I fear you will feel the loss of the money."

"Pooh! I have money enough. You know I have spent but very little lately. I have been pretty saving."

"But you forget our things, Charles. The money which you have on hand is not yours."

"Not mine?" he exclaimed.

"No, it belongs to the storekeeper, and to the butcher, and to our landlord. You know they must be paid."

"Don't you fret about them. I know it don't cost anywhere near twelve dollars to live, for I have made an estimate. There is Wilkins, who works beside me at the shop, he has four children, and only gets the same wages as I do, and yet he lays up two or three dollars a week."

"Yes," said Hannah, "I know he does; I was in to see his wife the other day, and she was telling me how they got along. Mr. Wilkins takes his basket twice a week, and gets his meat and vegetables, and trades for cash, and so gets everything to the best advantage. So he does at the store. He lays in a good quantity of those articles which will keep, and buys butter, eggs, apples and such things by the quantity when the market is full, and they are cheap, and he always buys enough to last his family over the season of scarcity when such things are dear. His butcher, for instance he bought for twenty-two cents a pound, a firkin of it—and it is much sweeter than that for which you paid thirty cents yesterday."

"Thirty cents?" repeated Charles in surprise.

"Yes. I asked Mr. Waldron's man when he brought it up, and he said it had risen to thirty cents. Mr. Wilkins got twenty dozen of eggs some time ago for fifteen cents a dozen, and his wife packed them down and they keep well. You will have to pay Mr. Waldron thirty cents for those he sent up yesterday."

Charles Mathews was somewhat astonished at this view of the case, but it could not be helped now, and the subject was dropped. His gold chain had lost its charm. It did not look so well, even in his own eyes, as the old black cord which he had worn before.

At length the end of the quarter came around. The first bill was the rent, which amounted to twenty-one dollars. The next was the butcher's bill of thirty-six dollars. Charles was astonished to see how his meat bill footed up. But when he saw how many steaks he had at fifteen cents a pound, the cause of wonder disappeared. Next he paid the baker's bill, which was thirteen dollars. When he came home in the evening he had paid all but the grocery bill.

"Mr. Waldron sent his bill to-day," said his wife after supper.

"Ah, did he? let me see it."

Hannah brought it, and Charles looked. He was astonished at its length, and when he came to look at the bottom of the column his face turned a shade paler. It footed up just sixty-five dollars—an average of five dollars a week.

"This is impossible!" he exclaimed as he gazed upon it, but he examined the different articles, and he could remember when he had ordered them. Those things which cost him only a dollar looked very innocent when viewed alone, but in the aggregate they had a very different look.

"How much shall we lay up this quarter, Charles?" kindly asked his wife, as she came and leaned over his shoulder, and smoothed the hair from his brow.

"How much shall we lay up?" he repeated. "Get the slate and let us reckon up." He resolved to be frank, and let his wife know all.

The slate was brought. First she put down one hundred and fifty-six dollars as the quarter's salary. Then came the rent and the butcher and the baker.

"Now you put down thirteen dollars for the chain, and twelve dollars for sundries—that means cigars, concerts, and such things. Now take all that from my quarter's salary, and see what remains."

She did so and gave fifty-two dollars as the result.

"Fifty-two dollars?" uttered Charles, sitting back in his chair, "and we have not bought one article of clothing or of furniture. Fifty-two dollars with which to pay sixty-five. There is thirteen dollars short this quarter, and I meant to save at least thirty."

"Well, it's no use to mourn over it," said the wife, in a cheerful tone, for she saw that her husband felt badly. "Let us commence again. There is nothing like trying, you know."

For some moments Charles remained silent. He gazed first on the bill he held in his hand and then on the floor. At last he spoke:

"Hannah, I see where the trouble is, and I must freely admit I have been wrong. If I had paid for everything as I bought it, I should have hit it. You were right. I see it all now. I have not estimated the value of money as I ought. Let me once get up again where I began, and I will do different. I must step down to the store this evening, and pay the rest as soon as I can."

"That matter is easily settled," she replied, "for I have money by me that I had when I was married."

He protested most earnestly against taking

his wife's money, but she insisted on giving him the money. It was her will, and he must submit. So he went down and paid the grocery bill, and on his way home he sold his gold chain for thirteen dollars. He felt happier now, and was ready to commence the next quarter.

On the next Monday morning the young man went into the meat store to send home a piece of beef for dinner.

"How much will you have?" asked the butcher.

"Oh, three or four—"

Charles got thus far, and then he stopped. He had always been in the habit of ordering an indefinite quantity, and leaving the butcher to cut it off at the highest figure, and charge the highest price; and then he remembered how much was usually wasted.

"Let me have two pounds," he said. He stopped and saw it weighed, and then paid for it.

When he went home at noon, he found that his two pounds of beef was enough for a good dinner. The next morning he went to the store. Mr. Waldron had some nice figs just come in, which he showed. They were only twenty-five cents a pound. For a moment Charles hesitated, but as he remembered that he had to pay for all he bought he concluded not to take them. He found that things were not so enticing when it required cash to get them as when the payment could be postponed. He paid for what he bought and went his way; and thus things went on through the week. When it came Saturday night he knew that all the money in his pocket was his own, after deducting the rent.

That evening he went over to the market with Wilkins, and bought as much vegetables and meat as he thought would last through the week. He found he had made a saving of at least twenty per cent., and when the opportunity offered he made the same saving in other matters.

At the end of that quarter Charles Mathews did not have to get a slate. He paid his house rent, and then he found he had thirty-five dollars in his pocket. That was his—he did not owe a penny of it.

"Ah, Hannah," said he, as he held the money in his hand and looked it over, "now I know how easy it is for a man to be wrong and his wife right. This money all comes of paying as I go along. It is very easy and simple to say 'Just charge it,' and a man can easily buy things under such circumstances, but when the day of reckoning comes those three little words that sound so innocent when spoken, are found to be costly things. I did not believe it until I tried it. I could not have believed that a man would purchase many articles simply because he could have them charged. But I see it now, and if I refused to follow your advice at first I have gained experience enough to lead me to follow it more explicitly now."

Charles Mathews never again allowed himself to be carried away by the credit system, but has followed the cash rule, and the consequence is that he can buy produce, coal, etc., at the cheap price, and he has now cut off the expense of house rent, for he owns a snug little cottage, and it is all paid for.—*New Dominion.*

JUST WHAT TO DO.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

There is a somewhat popular hymn by Rev. Mr. Proctor which begins with the extraordinary lines:

"Nothing, either great or small,
Remains for me to do."

If the author of this verse meant to teach (as he probably did) that we are not required to make any atonement for our sins, then he was surely right. Jesus did "Pay the debt we owe" when he bore our sins in his own body on the cross. Certainly he did not mean to teach that Christ's followers have "nothing to do," for in a subsequent verse this same hymn exhorts them to "work for Him with cheerful heart." To unconverted souls no more fatal advice can be given than to urge them to do nothing, or if they have begun—to "stop doing." We sometimes hear this advice given in enquiry-meetings, with the best intention. Will it bear examination in the light of God's unerring Word? The one book to carry into an enquiry-meeting is the Bible. What does the Word say that every sinner must do who desires to be saved?

Happily we have a direct answer given by the two most powerful revival preachers in the annals of Christ's Church. One of these preachers was named Peter. After he had addressed a large assemblage in Jerusalem, many of his auditors, who were pricked to the heart, cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" The wise apostle does not tell them to do nothing, but simply wait for the Holy Spirit to come and do everything for them. He does not preach the dangerous doctrine that men have no natural ability to turn to God or to choose life eternal. He does not mawkishly address them as "poor unhappy

sinners," more to be pitied than to be blamed. Nor does he offer to pray for them—thus teaching them to cling to his skirts or rely on his prayers for their salvation. Of such spiritual quackery he knew nothing. These enquirers before him he recognized as free moral agents. They very properly demanded to know what they must do, and he gave them a prompt, pithy answer in one short, sharp word, "Repent!"

Suppose that some of them had said—what we so often hear in an enquiry-meeting—"We are penitent, we are pricked to the heart; we feel keenly and your sermon started the tears." Peter might have told them that a few days before he had himself "wept bitterly" over his own sin, but the tears did not wash out the sin, or renew his heart. Repentance is something vastly deeper than tears or anguish, or a harrowed conscience, or a terror of the wrath to come. Bible-repentance is an act of the soul when that soul takes a right view of sin, and then, by God's help, abandons the sin. Or, as the good old catechism puts it, the soul, "doth with grief and hatred of sin, turn from it." This is true repentance. A convicted gambler looks at his pack of cards and his dice, and sees in them ruin for this world and the next, and then flings them into the fire. A dishonest man, stung to the heart by his own fraud, goes to the man he has wronged and restores the unjust gains, with the solemn vow to God never again to touch one dishonest dime. That gamester, that swindler have both exercised genuine repentance in regard to those two specific sins. They have both felt compunction over a wicked practice and then quit it. A young man said to me in an enquiry-meeting last night, "My besetting sin is to swear." Our answer to him was, "Confess your sin to God and stop swearing."

Whether it be one specific sin, or a whole life-course of ungodliness that is to be repented of, the method is the same. The thing to be done is to take a right view of sin and then quit it. This must be your own act. The undoubted fact that the Holy Spirit awakens you to penitence and promotes your penitence does not alter that other fact—that repentance must be the exercise of your own will. God's Spirit cannot do it for you. He will aid you with infinite help, yet you must repent, or perish! And do it also voluntarily. The dishonest canal contractor, who is only ashamed because he is detected, and only stops plundering until he can get another chance, is not a true penitent. Sin must be both abhorred and abandoned, or else there is not such repentance as God will accept. My friend, when you have looked at your own heart as utterly vile, and your own conduct as abominably wicked—when you have implored God to change your heart, and to help you change your conduct, you have taken one vital step toward salvation.

Is this the only step? No, there is one more, equally vital. The second illustrious preacher of the early church described it in one word also. When an anxious enquirer in the dungeon of Philippi asked him, "What must I do?" he gave back the swift reply—"Believe!" A better translation of the Greek word would be—trust on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved. This too must be your own act. We have but little patience with a class of well-meaning people who talk so much about faith as a mere passive feeling that enquirers after salvation get the false idea that it is only a "resting in the arms of Jesus," like a babe fast asleep. The trust that saves a soul is a trust that clings and follows. If I fall overboard from a ferry-boat, and a rope is tossed out to me, it is not enough for me to believe that the rope is sufficiently strong to bear my weight or that it was thrown in love. I must lay hold of it and hold on! Where that rope goes, I go—until the strong arms that lowered it land me on the deck. So faith in Jesus is simply holding fast to him. This is my "doing." He holds me. That is His doing. This is all the doing that is needful.

From the moment that you give yourself up to Jesus you must allow him to have his way. Paul might have given that Philippian jailer a leaf out of his own experience; and told him that the moment his hard heart broke down, it cried out, "Lord! what wilt Thou have me to do?" Saul of Tarsus used to have his own way; it led right to hell. Paul let Jesus do with him just as he chose. He did not stop to bargain with Jesus for "comfort or joy," or, like certain watery professors nowadays, he did not everlastingly beg to be "happy." His joy was to do Christ's will; his crown was to save dying souls. If there had been any Brother Sankey with him in the cell, or on board the ship, he would have said, "Come, brother, let us sing—

Lord, there's a cross in every lot,
And an hourly need of prayer;
And the lowly heart that leans on thee,
Is happy everywhere."

Now, then, enquiring friend, I have tried to show you just what God's Word bids you do. Quit sin and follow Jesus. This is the essence of Bible-piety. On whatever point Christ presents you, yield. When you yield even one

point to please him, the change is begun. When you are willing to trust on Jesus and to go with Jesus, you are a converted man or woman. Don't wait for raptures and floods of glory, if you are faithful to the end, you will have enough of them in heaven. Reader, take your Bible and go with it to Jesus on your knees. Shut yourself up with Him. Surrender your soul entirely to Him. One hour with Jesus alone, is worth a year of conversation with pious friends. Whatsoever He saith to you, do it.—*Christian Weekly*

STUMBLING-BLOCKS REMOVED.]

I fear I shall never stand, and so dishonor Him—my circumstances are peculiar.

I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day (2 Tim 1:12).

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy (Jude 24).

He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee (Hebrews 13:5).

I fear my sins are too great to be forgiven. Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers.

But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot (1 Peter 1:18, 19).

When I see the blood I will pass over you (Exodus 12:13).

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be like red like crimson, they shall be as wool (Isaiah 1:18).

My earthly prospects will be ruined—I shall be cast out.

But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus (Phil 4:19).

But he answered and said, It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God (Matt 4:4).

And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive a hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life (Matt 19:29).

I do not feel my guilt as I should. I am waiting for conviction.

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it (Jeremiah 17:9)?

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding (Proverbs 3:5).

Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them (Matt 7:24).

They shall look upon me, whom they have pierced (Zechariah 12:10).

I do not see that I am such a great sinner.

But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away (Isaiah 64:6).

For there is no difference: for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God (Romans 3:22, 23).

If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us (1 John 1:10).—*Ralph Wells*.

THE JAPANESE AT WORK AT PHILADELPHIA.

The most curious part of the day's work was driving of a number of piles, each six feet long and ten inches in diameter, upon which is to rest, like a corn-crib, a rectangular structure, eighty-four by forty-four feet, and in general appearance like the pictures of Japanese houses that children see in their primers. The way in which the Japs managed the pile-driving brought many a burst of laughter from the bystanders. They had a portable tripod about twenty feet high, with two fixed pulleys under the apex, from which was suspended by a grass rope a cylindrical iron hammer, weighing three hundred pounds. Six Japs on each side of the machine seize a grass rope which passes over one of the pulleys, the foreman stands at one side, holds up his forefinger, closes one eye, and then, apparently not satisfied with this, picks up a short stick, holds it in a vertical position between his two forefingers, sights the pile with it, and at last winks with both eyes as a signal to the workmen that the ceremony of Japanese plumb-bobbing is concluded, whereupon the hammer moves up and down very rapidly, driving the pile an inch into the earth at every descent, until it is time for the foreman to do a little more plumb-bobbing. One pile struck a rock, and while everybody was wondering how things were to be managed, one of the gang ran off and brought back something that had teeth like a saw, but which was shaped like a butcher's cleaver, but the panting Jap had severed the stick in about

half the time required for a saw of American make to do the same work.

The Japs draw their planes toward them instead of pushing them from them, and use an ink line instead of a chalk line. It resembles a tape-line case, and contains a sponge which may be saturated with ink of any color, through this sponge the cord may be drawn and then wound up, dispensing with the tedious process of chalking. The holes for the piles were marked out in this odd way: two posts, one at each end of the foundation, were connected at the top by a tightly-drawn cord, from end to end of this the mandarin foreman walked with his rule, measuring off spaces, which he marked by tying bits of string in bow knots to the main cord, and then standing off to go through his delicate operation of plumb-bobbing, which he repeated every time that his men removed the tripod to drive a new pile. Their adze is a remarkable tool, chiefly on account of its handle, which is shaped as Hogarth's line of beauty might be if warped by torrid weather. The wielder of this tool stands over his timber and hacks away, driving the steel far underneath his foot at every blow. When the ropes of the pile-drivers were too long the foreman fastened blocks of wood in slip knots to shorten them, but one of these slipped and dropped on the head of a young Jap, causing him to let go the rope, fall backward and roll over to a big log, upon which he sat down to rest himself and laugh.

The Japanese square is eighteen and a half inches long and nine and a quarter wide, and is graduated, like the rule, by the decimal system, nine and a quarter of their inches being equal to eight of ours.

In the bamboo building not a nail will be used, all the material is there, dovetailed, bevelled and mortised, ready to be fastened together with wooden pins. The artisan lives in a frame structure within the enclosure, do their own cooking and laundry work, and live on soup, rice and dried meats which they brought with them in hermetically sealed cans. The officials having charge of Japanese operations in the Park refuse to give the slightest information as to what they are doing. When asked about their building and intended exhibition, the questioner is invariably put off with, "Wait till comes time; you then see." It displeases them when spectators laugh at the uncouth mechanical operations of the flat-nosed and sawny-featured Orientals.—*Philadelphia Times*.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY BOOKS

BY JOHN S. HARK, LL. D.

The time was when the difficulty in this matter was to find books enough to stock a library with reading that would be attractive to children. The difficulty now is all the other way. No literature is so abundant. There are at least eight great publication boards or societies engaged in the production of religious story books for the young, the publications of any one of which would be more than any ordinary school could keep pace with, to say nothing of an equal number of enterprising private publishers whose lists are scarcely less formidable than those of the boards. The number of these religious story books now in the market cannot be much less than ten thousand, and they are increasing at the rate of more than one a day all the year round.

In the face of such a fact, the Sunday-school worker is compelled to pause as he can no longer safely order books at random for the Sunday-school library. We must perforce make a selection. If we would not do a great wrong, we must be willing to give the time and the labor needed to make this selection wisely. We have no more right to place books in the Sunday-school library, without knowing something of their character, than we would have to fill children's cups at table with something to drink, without stopping to enquire whether that something is water or gin. Gin for breakfast would in fact be not much worse for the body than are to the mind some of the stimulating novels to be found on the shelves of Sunday-school libraries.

What are some of the features that *prima facie* should exclude a book from the catalogue? To give them all would require a treatise. We give two or three.

First, no book which is a story of love and matrimony. No book in which the interest of the plot is made to depend in any perceptible degree on this subject. If any reader is simple enough to think that there is no need of a positive, absolute, prohibitory rule on this subject, his experience in such literature has been more fortunate than ours. The extent to which such books have become debauched by catering to a precocious taste for this sort of thing is really alarming; and those who have the control of our Sunday-school libraries should set their faces like flint against every book in which the young actors fall in love, or in which the passion of love is in the slightest degree made a motive power in the development of the plot. Until buyers come to a fixed determination on this point, and re-

fuse point blank to buy for the library any book in which there is a love affair, no matter what the merits of the book in other respects, our writers and our publishers of religious story books for the young will not mend their manners.

Secondly, no book in which the writer speaks of the actors in the story as "heroes" or "heroines," or which, even if they are not so called, the young reader would be likely to think of them as belonging to this superlative type. This sort of stuff is only next door to love and matrimony. It may do for the dime novel, but is utterly out of place in the Sunday-school library.

Thirdly, no book which does not teach something. To be merely an interesting story is not enough. To be something which the children will devour is not enough. If the reader, on closing the book, does not feel that he has learned something, that he has some new idea of duty, that he has some new ideas of right and wrong, or that his old ideas on this subject have received a new enforcement, the book has no business in the library. No matter how thrilling the story may be, no matter how much the children may be entertained with it, the book is not what you want. You might, with just as good reason, give your children champagne and sweetmeats for their daily bread. They need food. You give them a song.—*S. S. Times*.

THE AFFECTIONATE HAWK AND ITS PET KITTEN.

A lady was once walking amid the scenery of the Isle of Wight, when she observed a little kitten curled up on a mossy bank, in all the security of a midday nap. It was a beautiful little creature, and the lady gently approached, in order to stroke it, when suddenly down swooped a hawk, pounced upon the sleeping kitten, and completely hid it from her sight. It was a kestrel. Our friend was greatly shocked, and tried to rescue the little victim, but the kestrel stood at bay and refused to move. There he stood on the bank, firmly facing her, and all her efforts to drive him from his prey failed. The lady hurried on to a fisherman's cottage, which was near at hand, and told of the little tragedy with the eloquence of real feeling.

But the fisher-folk were not so disconcerted, and, laughing, said

"It is always so; that hawk always comes down if anybody goes near the kitten. He has taken to the kitten, and he stays near at hand to watch whenever it goes to sleep."

The case was so remarkable that the lady enquired further into its history, and learned that the kitten's mother had died, and that the fisherman's family had missed the little nursing. After some time, they observed a kestrel hawk loitering about the cottage; they used to throw him scraps of meat, and they noticed that he always carried off a portion of every meal, dragging even heavy bones away out of sight. His movements were watched, and they saw that he carried the stores to the roof of a cottage. A ladder was placed, some one ascended, and there, nestling in a hole in the thatch, lay the lost kitten, thriving prosperously under the tender care of its strange foster-father. The foundling was brought down, and restored to civilized life, but the bandit-protector was not disposed to resign his charge, and ever kept at hand to fly to the rescue whenever dangerous ladies threatened it with a caress.—*Dumb Animals*.

WHERE BREAD GROWS.—Where the bread grows! Where is that? If we would find bread growing we should go away to the Indian Archipelago and the Islands of the Pacific, such as the Society Islands, where the best society, that of copper-color savages, is more exciting than agreeable. In those places the people would be badly off for food but for the bread-fruit tree, which yields them a plentiful supply nearly all the year round. The trees are much larger than our apple-trees, and among their dark feathery leaves the fruit shines, ripening from green to a golden shade. It is as large as a coco-nut, but quite round, with a thick rough rind, and the natives gather it before it is ripe, when it has not yet turned quite yellow. They dig a hole in the earth for an oven, light a fire, and bake it nearly black. On being taken out as soon as it gets cool enough for their brown fingers to hold it, they scrape off all the outside burnt part of the rind, that leaves their fruit or loaf, which ever you like to call it, of a pretty light yellow color, and on being cut it is temptingly white inside. The crumb is said to taste "as soft and sweet as a new baked roll." Some who have eaten it think it has the flavor of roast potatoes, but is in no other way like potato; it is so crummy and white, that we should be more likely to call it a peculiar kind of bread.—*Little Folks*.

A PERMANENT HOME.—To have a home which a man has himself reared or purchased—a home which he has improved or beautified—a home indeed, which, with honest pride and natural love, he calls his own—is an additional!

security for any man's virtue. Such a home he leaves with regret; to it he gladly returns. There he finds innocent and satisfying pleasures. There his wife and little ones are happy and safe; and there all his best affections take root and grow. To such a pair, as time advances, the abode of their early and middle life, whence they have, perhaps, all departed, becomes constantly more dear; for it is now a scene of precious memories—the undisturbed declining years! And say—what lapse of time, what varied experience of prosperity, or sorrow, can ever efface the good impression made by such a home on the tender heart of childhood! To the tempted youth, to the wanderer from virtue, to the sad victim of misfortune, such remembrance has often proved a strengthening monitor, or a healing balm. Nor can this kindly influence wholly fail so long as the dear objects of that familiar scene retain a place in memory, connected, as they inseparably are, with thoughts of a father's counsel, a mother's tenderness, a sister's purity and a brother's love.—*Exchange.*

—Lord, I know myself to be certain of but this one thing. It is good to follow Thee—it is evil to offend Thee. Beyond this I am ignorant of what is best or worse for me—whether sickness or health, poverty, wealth, or any earthly allotment.—*Blaise Pascal.*

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1876 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

CONNECTED HISTORY.—Peter explains that the lame man was healed by faith in a crucified Jesus.

LESSON VI.

May 7.] THE POWER OF JESUS'S NAME. [About 30 to 33 A. D.]

Read Acts iii, 12-26.—Recite vs. 14, 15, 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.—Acts iv, 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Christ is the only saving name.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—Acts iii, 12-26. T.—John xv, 1-27. W.—Phil ii, 13. Th.—Joel iii, 1-14. F.—Jer xxxiii, 8-16. Sa.—Luke x, 1-16. S.—1 Peter i, 3-25.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—This lesson is a continuation of Lesson V. Peter explains by whose power the lame man was healed, and proves by the Old Testament Scriptures that Jesus was the Messiah and shows that this miracle confirms his words.

NOTES.—Men of Israel, ye Jews. Israel was a name given to Jacob after he wrestled with the angel at Peniel (Gen. xxxii, 28), and meaning "soldier" or "warrior of God." It was afterward applied to all the twelve tribes until the division of the kingdom, after Solomon; then it applied only to the ten tribes until after the Babylonian captivity, when all the returned exiles again united in one nation and were known as "Israel." It now means "all Jews."—*Abraham* ("father of multitude") born in Ur of the Chaldees, promised Palestine, died there aged 175 years, and about 3,700 years ago. *Moses*, the great law-giver and leader of Israel from Egypt through the wilderness, born in Egypt, educated at Pharaoh's court, an exile in Midian, God's deliverer of Israel, received the law on Mount Sinai, led the people 40 years, died on Mount Nebo, aged 120 years; he lived about 3,250 years ago.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) POWER TO HEAL. (II.) POWER TO FORGIVE AND BLESS.

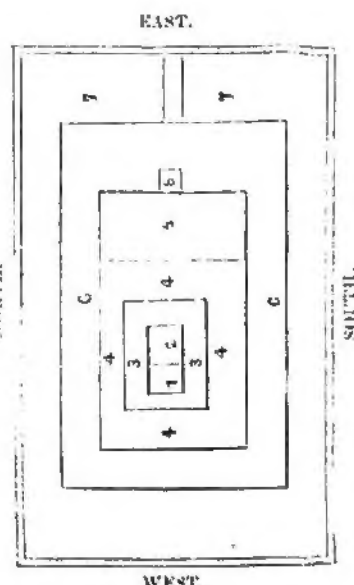
I. POWER TO HEAL. (12.) *marvel*, wonder or think it strange; *own power*, true disciples never claim to heal by their own power. (13.) *baptized*, honored, made glorious; *son*, or "servant"; *denied him*, as King Messiah. (14.) *Holy One and Just*, so Pilate judged him (see Luke xxii, 22; John xix, 6); *murderer*, Barabbas. Luke xxii, 19. (15.) *Prince of life*, notice the contrast; the Jews chose a destroyer of life, and rejected the Author or Prince of Life; *witnesses*, of Christ's resurrection, John xx, 2-8. (16.) *through faith*, "by means of our faith in his name" (*Alford*). (17.) *wot*, know; *ignorance*. See Luke xiii, 34.

I. Questions.—What led Peter to address the multitude in Solomon's Porch? By whose power did they suppose the man was healed? What would they think of the character of men who could do such a miracle? Of whom did Peter speak in explaining the miracle? Who had denied Jesus? When? Whom had they chosen in his place? What had they done to Jesus? How far did Peter excuse the people for this sin? v. 17. What had God done for Jesus? Who were witnesses of it? By whose power was the lame man healed?

II. POWER TO FORGIVE AND BLESS. (18.) *all his prophets*, so all Jews held, and correctly. (19.) *converted*, literally "turned about," turned against sin and to Christ; *blotted out*, or "wiped out," as if the sins were written on parchment; *when*, rather "that," on in "order that;" *times of refreshing*, peace or rest after persecutions (*Whedon*), rest at the second coming of Jesus (*Alford*); *shall come*, rather "may come," "in order that the times of refreshing may come" (*Hackett*). (20.) *before was preached*, or "him was before appointed your Messiah, even Jesus" (*Alford*). (21.) *restoration*, or restoration—that is, until

the earth is restored, or prepared for Christ's second coming. (22.) *Moses truly said*, Deut. xviii, 15, 18, 19. (24.) *Samuel*, first prophet of note after Moses, and founder of the schools of prophets. See 1 Sam. x, 10; xix, 20. (25.) *covenant*, promise, agreement (Gen. xvii, 2; xxii, 18); *kindreds*, persons related to each other; hence, families, nations. (26.) *you first* (Matt. x, 5, 6); *sent him* (Luke xxiv, 47); *iniquities*, sins; *to bless*, or "in blessing;" *every one*—that is, who will repent. See vs. 19, 23.

II. Questions.—What were the people exhorted to do? v. 19. For what purpose? What times were coming? Where had Jesus gone? v. 21. How long would he remain in heaven? Who had foretold these times? What lawgiver did Peter quote? How had Moses spoken of Christ's coming? What would become of those who refused to hear "that prophet"? What encouragement did Peter offer to them to come? v. 25. Who were first called to Christ? What does Christ now call us to put away?



GENERAL PLAN OF HEROD'S TEMPLE.

1. Ark and Holy of Holies.
2. Holy Place.
3. Court of Priests.
4. Court of Israel.
5. Court of Women.
6. Court of Gentiles.
7. Solomon's Porch.
8. Nicodemus's Gate.

CONNECTED HISTORY.—During Peter's sermon in the temple, after healing the lame man, five thousand were converted. This made the Jewish rulers angry; they arrested and imprisoned the apostles overnight, and brought them up for trial the next day.

LESSON VII.

May 14.] CHRISTIAN COURAGE. [About 30 to 33 A. D.]

Read Acts iv, 8-22. Recite vs. 10, 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The righteous are bold as a lion.—Prov. xxviii, 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Christ makes the weak strong.

DAILY READINGS.—M.—Acts iv, 8-22. T.—Luke xii, 1-12. W.—Eph. ii, 1-22. Th.—1 Tim. ii, 1-14. F.—Isa. lix, 9-21. Sa.—1 Cor. ix, 1-23. S.—Ps. cxvii, 1-19.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—This lesson begins with the fourth recorded speech of Peter; his first was on choosing Matthias; Acts i, 15-21; his second, on the day of Pentecost, Acts ii, 14-40; his third was in Solomon's Porch, Acts iii, 12-26; he now defends himself and the apostles before the Jewish Sanhedrin or council.

NOTES.—The four speeches of Peter rise in publicity and boldness, the first to the eleven; the second to the Pentecostal assembly; the third to the multitude in the temple; the fourth before the highest court of the nation, *Rulers*. Some say "civil magistrates" are here meant, but it more probably refers to "rulers of the synagogue," *Elders*, chief persons, belonging to the great council, Council, Sanhedrin, the highest Jewish court, and believed to have been composed of seventy-one (some say seventy or seventy-two) members, twenty-four being chief priests, heads of the twenty-four courses of priests, and the others being selected from the "rulers," "elders," and "scribes." It is said to have had its origin in the seventy elders appointed by Moses to aid him. Num. xi, 16, 24, 25.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) THE APOSTLES' DEFENCE. (II.) THE COUNCIL'S SENTENCE. (III.) THE APOSTLES' DECISION.

I. THE APOSTLES' DEFENCE. (8.) *Billed with the Holy Ghost*, and thus directed what to say, as Jesus had promised. Luke xii, 11, 12. (9.) *If we, or rather "since we are examined;" "examined, questioned; impotent, lame, helpless; made whole, or saved; it is the same word as in v. 12 translated "saved." (10.) Jesus Christ of Nazareth*, Jesus the Messiah, the Nazarene; Peter is thus full that they may not misunderstand him; *crucified*. John xix, 15. (11.) *stone*. Ps. cxviii, 22. (12.) *none other name*, salvation only in Christ.

I. Questions.—Who arrested the apostles? v. 1. Where did they place them? v. 3. Why? Before whom were the apostles brought in the morning? To answer what question? Who spoke for the apostles? By whose guidance? What bold charge did he make against the council? What did he say of the way to be saved?

II. THE COUNCIL'S SENTENCE. (13.) *boldness*, of words and of action; *unlearned*, fishermen of only common education; *ignorant*, or "obscure"—that is, "laymen," not scribes; *took knowledge of*,

fully to know; to realize (*Whedon*). (14.) *standing with them*, the healed man still firm for the apostles. (15.) *conferred, consulted*. (16.) *what . . . do?* The council were puzzled; *notable*, well known to all; *manifest*, apparent, open to all; *miracle* was in public and by day, not in some dark closet by night. (17.) *straitly*, or "threaten them with a threat."

II. Questions.—What effect had Peter's speech upon the council? Why did they marvel? What did they fully realize? Where was the healed man at this time? Why did they send the apostles aside? What were they compelled to admit? What did they wish not to spread? How did they propose to prevent it? What was the sentence they pronounced upon the apostles?

III. THE APOSTLES' DECISION. (19.) *In the sight of God*, will God judge as you do? (20.) *cannot but speak*. 1 Cor. ix, 16. (21.) *the people*, the council was afraid of the popular feeling in favor of the apostles.

III. Questions.—Why did the apostles decline to obey the council? How did its sentence conflict with God's command? Why would they continue to speak for Jesus? How did the council further try to silence them? Why did it not punish them? How old was the healed man? How long lame? When may we disobey the commands of men? What must be we prepared to meet if we disobey them? Why is it safer to obey God rather than men?

Illustration.—*Courage*. We fear men so much because we fear God so little (*Gurnall*). The king of France offered Prince de Condé a choice of three things: (1.) to go to mass, (2.) to die, (3.) to be imprisoned for life. He answered firmly, "To the first I am determined never to go; as to the other two, I am indifferent, and leave the choice to Your Majesty." A poor boy at school had a large patch on his knee. One of his comrades nicknamed him "Old Patch." "Why don't you fight him?" cried the boys. "Oh," he answered, nobly, "you don't suppose I am ashamed of the patch? I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags, and honor my patch for her sake."

Christian aim before the **brist** the **annoy** Jews' **annoy** disobey **Courage**, **council**, **order**, **stone**, **command**, **brist**.

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For eighth do do	8th do 5
For ninth do do	9th do 4
For tenth do do	10th do 3

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III. To the one who sends in the largest number of subscriptions to the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, either for three, six or twelve months, we will give a prize of \$10. This prize is not open to the winner of No. 2. Three or six months will count as much as a whole year.

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